

The Art of Easing

Digable Planets

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Smooth
Smooth
Beyond the
Beyond the
Automatic, systematic
Automatic
Complex
Just ease it in The feeling's right
The music's tight
Departing out of Crooklyn, type Saturday night
The gear the god was rocking type way out of sight
Limping past the projects
Seen my man, a'ight
Steelo type fat, solar type facts
Later for milk and honey, get the money out this piece
Relax I handle streets, all type slick
Just like a seven no ??? She got moist
Cause I gots the platinum voice
Like syrup, for delf roaming, the New York boroughs
As they temp our perms, plus I ride the iron worms
Uptown across down, from the boogie with no faking
Ghetto to my marrow, then
Ease on back to Crooklyn
Hold it, as loot in my timbs and army suits
Parlayin where Malcolm stood, now brothers push they blow out
A slicker nigga pig, dig me picking my fucking 'fro out
Limping up the one tree fives
The p-jects
The eject these herbs
That's word to green herb
Now the curbs
I play that like, primo supreme hustler

Nappy hair, oil slick, loyal to kick and dirty snare
Little panther
Answers to the nom de plum butter
Nice, preciser rubber, slicer and cutter
In a freshly dip state, I contemplate
Whose avenue be making the most bacon?
My honey gets the loot out, what's shaking
We getting live, dreaming being in the central ave. bus stop
Then I call bust out, wassup?
Seems that the dream team's me, Mecca the god, and Sulaiman
If your beats is phatty
And it's on
Then I'm gone
Hey, hey, hey
Easin in as slick as I can
You know my motions, slimmer with no limo
I ride the c local, and tilt my army brimmer
Milt bless the vibes, pro symbolize
Built with the fives, my clique then amplified
Sounds as we ease, beneath the New York moon
Pounds as we dip, increase these New York tunes
It's the universe I have
Nappy and happy, June 12th, I self don't say that exists
Imported on the ships, with irons around the fist
Gradual to afros, black cats, and fist picks
Still creating boogies, and the styles they want
Now they try to move us, for the styles we flaunt
But I, seen it sunny, plus seen rain
Plus seen my moneys getting smoked for change
I face left in the round up
Pound up the god
When the devil
Blow to the essence
Sinks deep down into the blue train cover
The real got surreal cause we feel you ain't a gangster
When I was a youngster ate jazz and black
Freedom had a pistol it was just like that
Old earth gave me kisses to her coach and power records
Pumas these flavors busy b mic checkin's
The crown says I'm down, from the ground up
But what if emcee comes
Come on, emcee go
Easin in as slick as I
can
The feelings right
The music's tight
Departing out of Crooklyn, type Saturday night
The gear the god was rocking type way out of sight
Limping past the projects
See my man, a'ight
When the mic check counts
My amounts is cash
I don't shoot out
I get that loot out cause I'm fresh

Hit you with the gold front grin, with diamond look
Muhammad made em, Nikki paid him
I was shook
I tell an emcee in a eye blink
That you wack as crack
Cee-know got my back
And we both can laugh And for example, we swift this
Lifted up on luck
And for complexing, like brass and brown skin
We of this, built this with south boogie down Bronx Outs the clowns, in the suits
With the cash I tell' em
Pass the ruck, or get stuck by my comrade's badge
Just like my mom and dad had it
And did it Easin in as slick as I can Quiet please, quiet please
Welcome to this class
Black studies 700 the art of easing
I'm your conductor instructor Mr. Castro
Take a look at your syllabus
You are required to be plushed out, and dip daily
Guess, army suits, timbs, lugz, whatever
Quiet please in the back, quiet please
You will have two texts
And finally, we are taking a field trip
To the East Star Housing
Projects speak perfect slang
Black caeser, superfly, golden
These are the images we want you portrayed in
Please, could you be quiet Mr. Simmons
Thank you

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>